

VISIT...

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BATMAN

60¢
U.K. 20p
ALL NEW!
MORE PAGES!
NO. 341
NOV.



A
TERRIFYING
SCREAM
ECHOES
THROUGH
THE
DESERTED
HALLS...

...AND THE
DARKNIGHT
DETECTIVE
WHIRLS TO FACE...
"THE **GHOST**
of **WAYNE**
MANOR"

**MORE
NEW
PAGES
FROM THE
NEW**



APR 2



ORPHANED AS A CHILD WHEN HIS PARENTS WERE MURDERED BEFORE HIS EYES, **BRUCE WAYNE** HAS TRAINED HIMSELF TO WAGE RELENTLESS WAR AGAINST CRIME AS THE DREAD **AVENGER OF THE NIGHT...**

BAT MAN

CREATED BY

BOB KANE

IT WAS DARK AND STORMY NIGHT...

T-THAT'S THE LAST TIME I DO ANYTHING ON A DARE!

I DON'T CARE WHAT THE GANG SAYS, I AIN'T GOING BACK IN THAT HOUSE!

IT'S HAUNTED!

WAYNE MANOR
UNDER
MANAGEMENT OF
SOCIETY
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY

I'M WITH YOU, STYME!

YEAH!

IT WAS A DARK AND STORMY NIGHT, A PERFECT NIGHT FOR...

THE GHOST OF WAYNE MANSION

GERRY CONWAY
writer

IRV NOVICK + FRANK McLAUGHLIN
artists

BEN OPA - letterer
ADRIENNE ROY - colorist

DICK GIORDANO
editor

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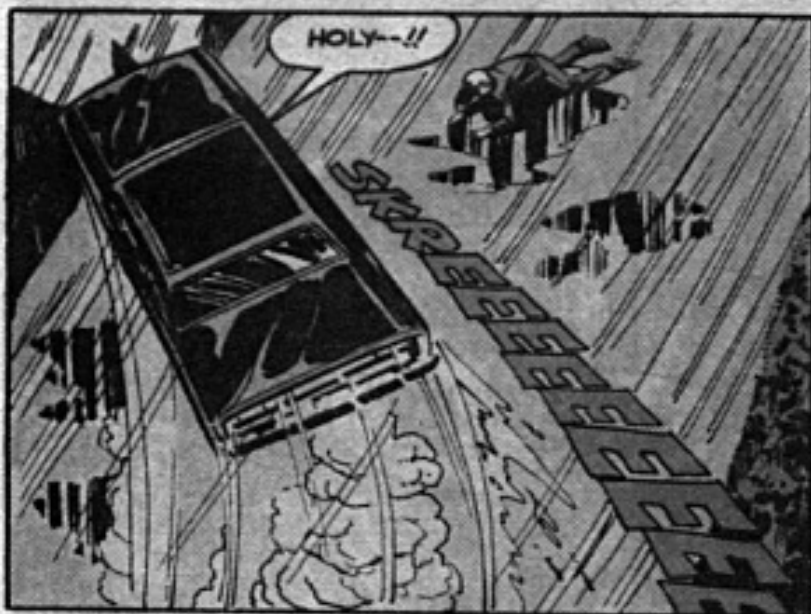
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...JIM, I'M NOT SURE I FOLLOW YOU.

YOU SAY YOU WANT MY PERMISSION TO SEARCH WAYNE MANSION?

MAYBE I'M A LITTLE SLOW, THIS MORNING...

--BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND... WHY?



BRUCE, IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE YOU MOVED HERE TO THE WAYNE BUILDING FROM YOUR OLD MANSION OUTSIDE TOWN...

IN ALL THAT TIME, SOMEONE MAY HAVE TAKEN "POSSESSION" OF THE BUILDING-- WITHOUT YOUR KNOWLEDGE.



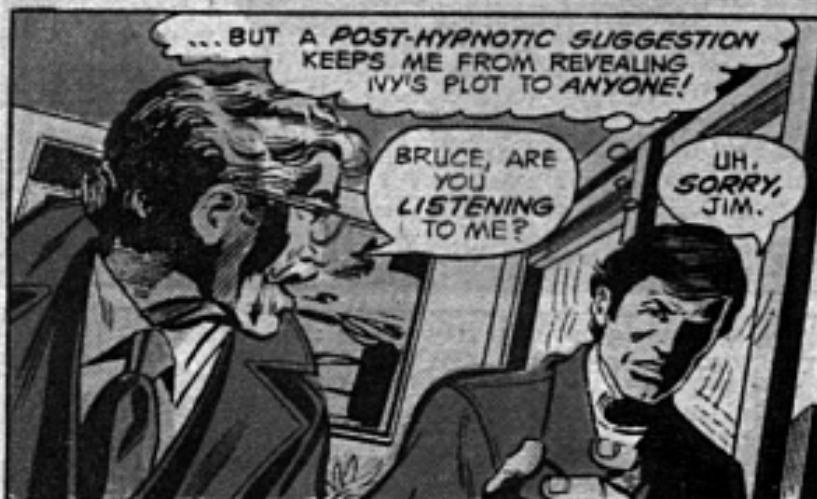
TAKEN POSSESSION...?

COMMISSIONER GORDON DOESN'T KNOW IT-- BUT I'M MORE WORRIED ABOUT POISON IVY'S THREAT TO TAKE POSSESSION OF THE WAYNE FOUNDATION!*

WISH I COULD TELL GORDON ABOUT IVY...



*BATMAN 339. --DICK



... BUT A POST-HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION KEEPS ME FROM REVEALING IVY'S PLOT TO ANYONE!

BRUCE, ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?

UH, SORRY, JIM.

I'VE HAD A NUMBER OF BIZARRE REPORTS ABOUT THE OLD MANOR.

I CAN'T GO INTO THEM NOW.

IF YOU'LL JUST SIGN THE NECESSARY PAPERS FOR A SEARCH...



LORD, I JUST REALIZED-- THE OLD BATCAVE...

I'M AFRAID I CAN'T GIVE YOU MY PERMISSION, JIM.

WHAT?

I WON'T BE OBSTRUCTED, WAYNE--NOT BY YOU OR ANYONE.

YOU ASSIGNED MANAGEMENT RIGHTS FOR THE MANSION TO THE GOTHAM HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THEY'LL ALLOW A SEARCH, EVEN IF YOU WON'T.

EH? COMMISSIONER GORDON--LOSING HIS TEMPER?



SOMETHING MORE THAN MY REFUSAL IS BOTHERING HIM-- BUT WHAT?

I BETTER FIND OUT, TONIGHT--

--AS THE BATMAN!

ELSEWHERE IN GOTHAM CITY THIS MORNING, A CAR DRIVES UP BEFORE A TOWNHOUSE ON THE EXCLUSIVE EAST SIDE...

--AND A BURLY MAN STRIDES WITH HEFTY CONFIDENCE TO A DOOR THAT OPENS AT HIS TOUCH...

GOOD MORNING, GENTLEMEN.

I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE ALL HERE.

WHO HAD A CHOICE?

YOU PRACTICALLY ORDERED US TO COME --

--THOUGH WHY WE LISTENED TO YOU, I'LL NEVER KNOW!

YOU'RE YESTERDAY'S NEWS.

PLEASE, SIR, LET ME GET YOUR CHAIR.

YOU'RE A GOOD BOY, PAULING.

YOU JUST SPENT A YEAR IN ARKHAM ASYLUM.

I'M AFRAID MR. MARKO HAS A POINT, SIR.

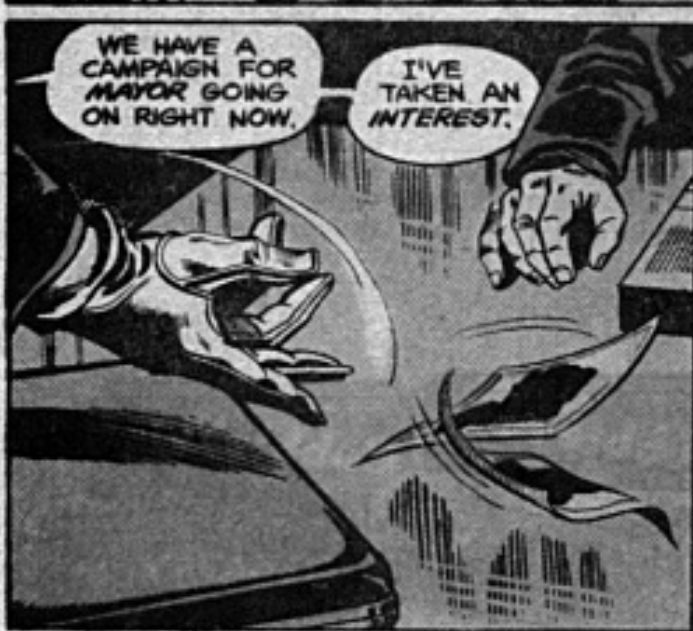
WE MEMBERS OF THE TOBACCONIST'S CLUB ARE THE... AH... POLITICAL MOVERS OF GOTHAM SOCIETY.

IT'S TRUE YOU WERE ONCE A POWER IN THIS CITY--

--BUT, THINGS HAVE CHANGED...

HAVE THEY, SON?

PLAY THIS TAPE; THAT'S A GOOD BOY.





THE COMPUTER AUTOMATICALLY
UP-DATES ITS VISUAL REPRESENTATIONS TO INCLUDE CURRENT
INFORMATION --

--SO IF ONE OF THESE
ENTRANCES TO THE
BATCAVE IS UNSEALED--



THIS COMPUTER MAP
WILL REVEAL IT.

THE BATMOBILE EXIT
RAMP IS SEALED... SO
IS THE LIBRARY
ELEVATOR...



...BUT I STILL
HAVE A NAGGING
SENSE THAT--ALFRED,
LOOK!

STAIRWAY TO
GRANDFATHER CLOCK

THE DOOR
TO THE
GRANDFATHER
CLOCK IN THE
MAIN HALL--
IT'S OPEN!



THAT'S WHAT MY
SUBCONSCIOUS
HAS BEEN TRYING
TO WARN ME
ABOUT.

HOW
COULD
IT HAVE
HAPPENED,
SIR?



ANY NUMBER
OF WAYS, ALFRED.

ALL OF THEM BOIL
DOWN TO ONE
THING--CARELESSNESS!

WHAT
NOW,
SIR?



IT SHOULD BE
OBVIOUS,
ALFRED.

I'VE GOT TO
STOP GORDON
FROM SEARCHING
WAYNE MANOR--

--ANY WAY
I CAN!



SOON, ON
THE OUT-
SKIRTS OF
GOTHAM
CITY...

SO THIS
IS WAYNE
MANOR.

AND YOU
THINK IT'S
HAUNTED,
COMMISSIONER?

I WAS HOPING
YOU'D BE ABLE
TO TELL US THAT,
DR. THIRTEEN.

YOU'RE
THE MAN
THEY CALL
THE GHOST
BREAKER,
NOT I.

GHOSTS,
GENTLEMEN?
ARE YOU
SERIOUS?

APPARENTLY
COMMISSIONER
GORDON IS
READY SERIOUS,
MISS CRUM.

AS A
REPRESENTATIVE
OF THE GOTHAM
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY--

--I INSIST
ON AN
EXPLANATION!



I'LL TELL YOU
WHAT I KNOW.
MISS CRUM.

"FOR SEVERAL
DAYS, THERE
HAVE BEEN
REPORTS OF
STRANGE
LIGHTS OVER
WAYNE
MANOR...
WEIRD MOANS
AND CRIES..."

"TWO DAYS AGO, A CHEAP
HOOD NAMED ARCHIE HARPER
TURNED HIMSELF OVER TO A
LOCAL PRECINCT, AFTER
TRYING TO HIDE IN WAYNE
MANOR OVERNIGHT..."

"LAST NIGHT
SOME NEIGHBOR-
HOOD KIDS
BROKE INTO THE
MANSION ON A
DARE... AND
LEFT SCREAMING..."

"ONE OF OUR
PATROLMEN PICKED
THEM UP, BROUGHT
THEM HOME AND
THEN RETURNED TO
THE MANOR TO SEE
WHAT HAD FRIGHTENED
THEM..."

*HE SAID A GHOST
HAD DRIVEN HIM OUT!
SOMETHING DARK--
SHRIEKING-- AND
INHUMAN!

"HE SAYS HE SAW
A PAIR OF GLOWING
RED EYES IN THE
DARKNESS."

"THIS MAN IS
A FOURTEEN-
YEAR VETERAN
OF THE FORCE..."

"... BUT LAST NIGHT,
HE DID PANIC, FIRING
SIX ROUNDS INTO
THE SHADOWS..."

"... AND RUNNING FROM
THAT HOUSE AS THOUGH
SATAN HIMSELF WERE
CLIMBING UP HIS TAIL."

"... AND THAT
KIND OF MAN
DOESN'T
PANIC..."

BAM
BAM
BAM
BLAM!
BAM
BAM

I WANT TO KNOW WHAT COULD TERRIFY ONE OF MY MEN THAT WAY.

THAT'S WHY I BROUGHT YOU INTO THE CASE, THIRTEEN.

YOU KNOW MY REP, GORDON. I DON'T BELIEVE IN THE SO-CALLED "SUPERNATURAL."

I ADMIRE YOUR SELF-CONFIDENCE, THIRTEEN.

... I JUST HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT.

LET'S HAVE A LOOK INSIDE.

THIS IS WORSE THAN I EXPECTED.

... AND THOUGH I'M SURE HE WON'T FIND A GHOST, HE'S ALMOST CERTAIN TO FIND THE BATCAVE!

WHAT COULD BE CAUSING THESE "GHOSTLY APPARITIONS," I WONDER?

CAN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT NOW.

TERRENCE THIRTEEN WON'T REST TILL HE'S SEARCHED EVERY INCH OF WAYNE MANOR...

MY FIRST PRIORITY IS TO KEEP THEM FROM UNCOVERING THE SECRET OF WAYNE MANOR!

LET'S HAVE SOME LIGHT.

CLICK!

VERY NICE.

I ASSUME YOUR SOCIETY HANDLES THE MANSION'S UPKEEP, MISS CRUM.

THAT'S RIGHT.

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, DR. THIRTEEN... BUT NOBODY FROM THE SOCIETY HAS BEEN HERE IN THE LAST THREE WEEKS...





SUDDENLY--

THIRTEEN...
DON'T TELL ME
THAT SHRIEK
CAME FROM
YOUR SONAR--!

SKREEEEEE

SOME
KIND OF
ANIMAL
CRY!

TURN YOUR
FLASHLIGHTS
UPWARD!
WE'VE GOT
TO SEE--!

SKREEEK

GOOD
GOD!

DRIVING
TOWARD
US--

HOLD
YOUR
LIGHTS
STEADY!

FOR THE
LOVE
OF--

UNNHH

DOCTOR
THIRTEEN!

LORD!

COMMISSIONER,
THAT THAT THING IS
ATTACKING HIM!

THIRTEEN WAS
WRONG!
WHATEVER THAT
CREATURE IS--

IT'S
NO
MAN!

GORDON'S BEEN
KNOCKED BACK--
BEFORE HE COULD
GET OFF A SHOT!

SKREEEK

APPARENTLY
THERE
REALLY
IS A
"GHOST"
HAUNTING
WAYNE
MANOR!

IT'S UP TO
ME TO
FOLLOW
IT NOW--

WHEREVER
IT MAY
TAKE ME!

THAT THING IS
TAKING OFF FOR
THE UPPER STORIES!







...WHILE,
ABOVE:

IF YOU SUSPECT THE BATMAN
OF MASQUERADING AS SOME
KIND OF POLTERGEIST, YOU'RE
WAY OFF BASE, THIRTEEN.

THAT MAN
DOESN'T PLAY
GAMES.

GET TO
KNOW HIM,
AND YOU'LL
UNDERSTAND--EH?



I'M TALKING
TO MYSELF!

I THOUGHT YOU
KNEW, SIR.

WHERE'S TERRY
THIRTEEN?

HE'S GONE
BACK INTO
WAYNE
MANOR.



THE WATERS THAT FLOODED THIS
OLD CAVE TWO WEEKS AGO HAVE
RECEDED,* AND NOW, ONLY A FEW
PUDDLES REMAIN TO REMIND THE
DARK KNIGHT OF ONE OF HIS
MOST DESPERATE BATTLES...

PICKING HIS WAY
THROUGH THE
SHADOWS, HE FINDS
WHAT HE HAS BEEN
LOOKING FOR--

LAST ISSUE AGAIN--DICK.



--A GENERATOR,
LUCKILY
UNTOUCHED
BY THE FLOOD.

IT TAKES THREE
CRANKS TO KICK
OVER THE OLD
ENGINE.

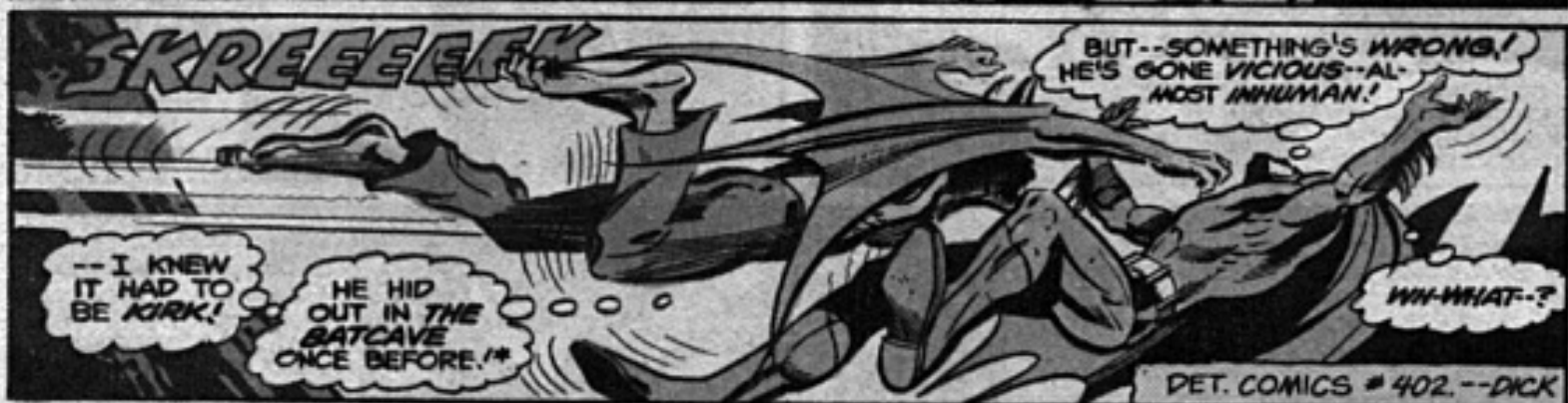
THEN, AS
THE TURBINES
HUMS TO
LIFE--

--HE TURNS
ON THE
LIGHTS.

CLICK!



--AND THE MAN-
BAT'S SCREAM
IS ENOUGH TO
ROUSE THE
DEAD!



DR. TERRENCE THIRTEEN IS A NOTED AUTHORITY ON THE SUPPOSED-SUPERNATURAL, A DEBUNKER OF DEMONS, AN EXPOSER OF THE ETHEREAL, A BREAKER OF "GHOSTS"...

HE BELIEVES ONLY IN HARD FACTS, AND THE EVIDENCE OF HIS FIVE SENSES.

HE HAS A READY EXPLANATION FOR ANY APPARENTLY "SUPRA-NORMAL" PHENOMENA.

SKREEK
SKREEK
SKREEEK

STARING AT THE SCENE BEFORE HIM... HEARING THE HIGH-PITCHED, BAT-LIKE CRY OF THE THING CLUTCHING THE DARKNIGHT DETECTIVE, DR. TERRENCE THIRTEEN CONFRONTS THE INEXPLICABLE --

--AND, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, IS LEFT SPEECHLESS...

NEXT
ISSUE: > **MAN OR MAN-BAT?**

MURDER WILL OUT



A "JUST A MOMENT MYSTERY" BY ROBIN SNYDER (writer), ADRIAN GONZALES (artist), JOHN COSTANZA (letterer), ADRIENNE ROY (colorist) and DICK GIORDANO (editor).

...JUST THE WAY WE FOUND THINGS, BATMAN. MY OFFICER IS DOWN-STAIRS TALKING TO THE GUESTS.



"RONALD SAWYER, HUSBAND OF THE DECEASED. QUITE A PLAYBOY!"

TED RESTON, MRS. SAWYER'S UNCLE VISITING FROM IDAHO.

PETER, SAWYER'S SON, WHO FLEW OUT FROM SCHOOL FOR HIS MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

"...AND BENTLEY, THE BUTLER, BEEN WITH THE FAMILY FOR NEARLY 30 YEARS. NERVOUS SORT."



REALLY, COMMISSIONER. MUST YOU TURN THIS TRAGEDY INTO A CIRCUS BY ALLOWING THIS... THIS VIGILANTE TO--

SEE HERE, SAWYER. BATMAN IS A MEMBER OF MY FORCE. NOW, IF YOU'D RATHER GIVE YOUR STATEMENT DOWN AT THE STATION...



OH, ALL RIGHT. AS I SAID, I LEFT LUCILLE AT 5 SHARP. SHE WAS GOING TO BATHE AND DRESS AND COME DOWN LATER.

I CALLED HER ON THE IN-HOUSE PHONE AT 6:10 TO SEE WHAT WAS KEEPING HER. SHE SAID SHE WAS FINISHING AN ENTRY IN HER DIARY, WOULD DRESS AND BE DOWN DIRECTLY.

BY 6:30 I BECAME WORRIED AND WENT UP. THE DOOR WAS LOCKED. PETER AND I BROKE IT IN AND FOUND... AND FOUND...

PETER? WELL, YEAH, THAT'S ABOUT IT. BUT DON'T LOOK AT ME. WELL, I HADN'T LEFT THE LIVING ROOM SINCE MOTHER WENT UP AT 4:30. ASK RESTON, WHY DONCHA? HE'S THE ONE WHO FOUND THE LOCKED DOOR!

KEEP A CIVIL TONGUE THERE, PETER! AND *DON'T LIE!* YOU WENT OUT TO BRING THE CAR AROUND AT 6:15. I SAW YOU FROM THE KITCHEN WINDOW WHEN I WENT AFTER SOME TEA.

AND YES,

I DID GO UP AT 6:25. THE DOOR WAS LOCKED.

AND WHERE WERE YOU BETWEEN 6:10 AND 6:30, BENTLY?

OH PLEASE, SIR! I JUST STEPPED INTO THE HALLWAY FOR A BIT TO CALL AHEAD TO CONFIRM RESERVATIONS. IT'S HER BIRTHDAY, DON'T YOU KNOW, AND THEY WERE GOING OUT TO CELEBRATE.

THE DOOR AND WINDOW WERE LOCKED FROM *INSIDE*? YOU TOUCHED NOTHING?

NOTHING!

WELL, WE DIDN'T EVEN ENTER THE ROOM!

HE'S LYING, COMMISSIONER! BOOK HIM!

JUST A MOMENT! WHO'S LYING? THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE NOTICED A FLAW IN ONE MAN'S STATEMENT? DID YOU CATCH IT?

INCREDIBLE! HE CONFESSED ON THE SPOT. GIVE, BATMAN!

CRIME IS SIMPLE, JIM. THIS ELECTION MUST BE RATTLING YOU OR YOU WOULD HAVE CAUGHT THE SLIP! SAWYER MURDERED HIS WIFE AT 5:00!

HE CLAIMED HE TALKED TO HIS WIFE AT 6:10 AND SAID SHE WAS WRITING IN HER DIARY. YET, WHEN THE DOOR WAS OPENED, THE LIGHTS WERE OFF! ERGO! SHE MUST HAVE BEEN AT THE DESK EARLIER. NO ONE WOULD BE WRITING IN THE DARK!

THE
MOON
GLARED
DOWN
ON THE
SHADOWED
VIRGINIA
COUNTRY-
SIDE LIKE
A HUGE
BLUE-
WHITE
EYE...

...AND I FELT WEIRD, ALMOST AS
THOUGH IT WERE WATCHING ME, AS
I CROUCHED IN THE BRANCHES OF
A SEARED OLD TREE.

MY HEART FELT
HEAVY AS A
LEAD WEIGHT; I
WAS HORRIFIED
BY WHAT I'D
SEEN THAT NIGHT...

...BUT HORROR WOULDN'T
STOP ME FROM DOING
WHAT I HAD TO DO:

BACK IN GOTHAM
CITY, THEY CALL ME--

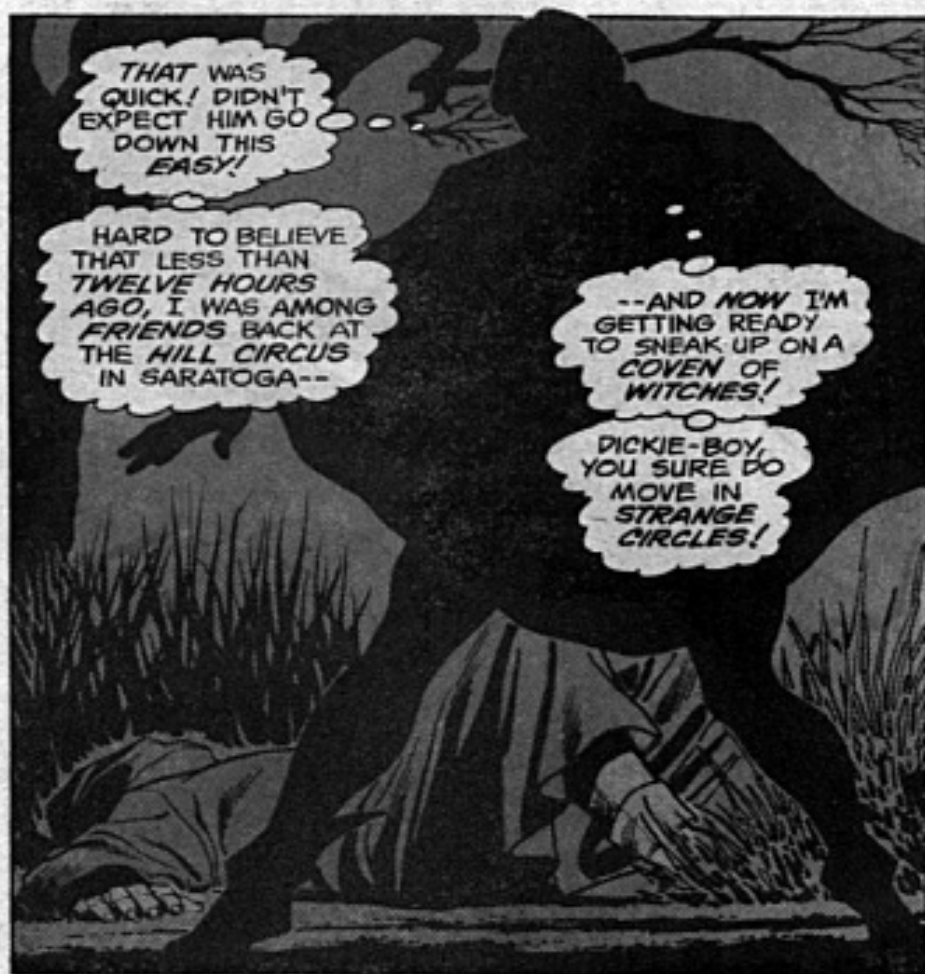
ROBIN

BUT IF I WAS
CAUGHT IN THESE
HILLS, BY THIS
HOODED GUY'S
FRIENDS-- THE
ONLY THING I'D
BE CALLED IS
DEAD!

"NIGHT OF THE COVEN"

GERRY CONWAY * TREVOR VON EDEN * MIKE DECARLO
WRITER ARTISTS

BEN ODA - LETTERER
CARL GAFFORD - COLORIST
DICK GIORDANO - EDITOR



THAT WAS QUICK! DIDN'T EXPECT HIM GO DOWN THIS EASY!

HARD TO BELIEVE THAT LESS THAN TWELVE HOURS AGO, I WAS AMONG FRIENDS BACK AT THE HILL CIRCUS IN SARATOGA--

--AND NOW I'M GETTING READY TO SNEAK UP ON A COVEN OF WITCHES!

DICKIE-BOY, YOU SURE DO MOVE IN STRANGE CIRCLES!



WELL, BETTER GET THIS GUY OUT OF HIS OUTFIT BEFORE SOMEONE PASSES BY AND SEES--

WHA-AT?

UNNNH!



MUSCLES TRAINED FOR STREET-FIGHTING ACTED IN INSTANT REFLEX--

--AND BEFORE EVEN I KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING--



--I'D TURNED MY RECOIL INTO A RETREAT, AND MY RETREAT--



AFTER ALL, THAT'S WHY I
LEFT GOTHAM, MONTHS AGO...

BUT ON SECOND THOUGHT--

--THOSE
CREEPS ARE
JUST PLAIN
CRAZY!

I THINK THEY'RE
ACTUALLY GETTING
READY TO KILL
THAT GIRL!

THIS IS
EVEN
WORSE
THAN I
EXPECTED!

...TO FIND OUT
WHAT MADE ME
SPECIAL, APART
FROM BEING
THE BATMAN'S
COLORFULLY-CLAD
SIDEKICK.



BA'AL ZEBUB, GOD
OF FLIES! BA'AL ZEBUL,
LORD OF THE LOFTY
DWELLING! BEELZEBUB,
CHIEF LIEUTENANT OF
SATAN AMONG THE
FALLEN ANGELS --

--ACCEPT
THIS SACRIFICE
MADE IN YOUR
UNHOLY NAME!

INTERCEDE
WITH THE DARK
ONE, OUR LORD
AND MASTER!

LEND US THE
POWER TO CRAVE
-- TO SMASH OUR
ENEMIES!

THAT'S SHARKEY
DOWN THERE IN THE
CENTER, HOLDING
THE KNIFE!

I HAD A
BAD
FEELING
ABOUT HIM
FROM THE
FIRST...







THANKS FOR
THE LIFT.

BUT IF YOU
THINK YOU'VE
SEEN THE LAST
OF ME, FRIEND...



...GUESS AGAIN.

YOU BOTHER
ME, SHARKEY.
THAT DEVIL-
TATTOO YOU
WANTED TO
HIDE MAKES
ME REAL
NERVOUS.



SO IF YOU
DON'T
MIND...



I THINK
I'LL TAG ALONG
JUST A LITTLE
LONGER.



"NIGHT LAPPED
THE SIDES OF
THE TRUCK LIKE
A DARK SEA..."

BUMP BUMP



"...AND WHEN
SHARKEY LEFT
THE MAIN HIGHWAY
FOR A ROCKY
SIDE ROAD, IT
WAS ALL I COULD
DO TO HANG ON
THROUGH THE
BUMPING..."

"PRETTY SOON, WE CAME TO
A CLEARING, UP IN THE HILLS
SOMEWHERE. I KNEW I'D HAVE
A HARD TIME FINDING MY
WAY BACK..."

"...BUT WHAT I
SAW NEXT DROVE
ALL THOSE WORRIES
RIGHT OUT OF MY
MIND."



SHARKEY--
DRESSED IN A HOOD
AND ROBE?

IS THAT WHAT
THIS IS ALL ABOUT,
SOME KIND OF
KLAN MEETING?

"THEN I HEARD VOICES, SHARKEY'S AND AN-OTHER MAN'S... AND SHARKEY DIDN'T SOUND LIKE A 'GOOD OLE BOY' ANYMORE..."

DICK GRAYSON'S DONE ENOUGH...

...NOW IT'S ROBIN'S TURN.

"SHARKEY WASN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD SWITCH CLOTHES IN THE DARK."

EVERYTHING'S READY? YOU'VE FOUND A GIRL FOR THE SACRIFICE?

A HITCH-HIKER --FROM OUT WEST SOMEWHERE.

"SACRIFICE?"

THE COVEN WAITS FOR YOU, MASTER.

I SHALL STAND GUARD -- TILL THE WITCHING BEGINS.

"I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EARS, BUT I KNEW WHAT I HAD TO DO..."

...SO I FOUND A TREE IN THE SECOND MAN'S PATH, AND JUMPED HIM WHEN HE PASSED BY.

BUT I CAN'T JUMP A WHOLE "COVEN."

OR CAN I? THERE'S A CHANCE...

THAT'S WHEN ALL MY CHANCES RAN OUT.

WAAH!

UNNNNN...!

A FIST HIT ME FROM BEHIND...

...AND FOR WHAT SEEMED LIKE FOREVER, ALL I KNEW WAS DARKNESS...!"

TO BE CONTINUED!